The bigboond *Warwicke* hath breathde his laſt,
And heauen this day hath ſmilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and brightſome day,
I ſee a blacke ſuſpitious cloude appeare
That will encounter with our glorious ſunne
Before he gaine his eaſefull weſterne beames,
I meane thoſe powers which the Queene hath got in *Fraunce*,
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. Oxford and *Sommerſet* are fled to her,
And tis likelie if ſhe haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
Ed. We are aduertiſde by our louiug friends,
That they do holde their courſe towardes Tewxburie:
Thither will we, for willingneſſe rids way,
n d in e uerie coũ tie as we paſſe along,
Our ſtrengthes ſhall be augmented. Come, lets goe;
For if we ſlacke this faire bright Summers daie,
Sharpe Winters ſhowers will marre our hope for haie.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, & Sum-merſet, with Drumme & Souldiers.

Quee. Welcome to England, my louing friends of France,
And welcome *Sommerſet* and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we ſpread our Sailes abroad:
And though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
And *Warwicke* as our maine-Maſt ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lordes, raiſe you that ſturdie poſt,
That beares the ſailes to bring vs vnto reſt.
And *Ned* and I as willing Pilots ſhould
For once with carefull mindes guide on the ſterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe,
That heretofore hath ſwallowed vp our friendes.
Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there ſhould,
Amongſt vs a timerous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the Battaile ioyne,
Leaſt he in time of need intiſe another,
And ſo withdraw the Souldiers harts from vs.
I will

3 from bottom 2 battels—

I will not ſtand aloofe and bid
But with my ſword preſſe in th
And ſingle *Edward* from his ſtr
And hand to hand, enforce him
Or leaue my bodie as witneſſe
Ox. Women and Children c
And warriours faint, why twe
Oh braue young prince, thy n
Doth liue againe in thee: long
To beare his Image, and to re
Som. And he that turnes and
Let him to bed, and like the C
Be hiſt and wondred at, if he

Enter a Meſſenger

Meſ. My Lords, Duke *Edw*
Is marching hitherwards to fig
Ox. I thought it was his po
but heere will we ſtand, and fig

Enter king Edward, Cla. G

Ed. See brothers, yonder ſtan
Which by gods aſiſtance and y
Shall with our swordes ere nig
Quee. Lords, Knightes, and
My teares gainſay: for as you
The water of mine eies. Then
Henrie your king is priſoner in
His land and all our friends are
And yonder ſtands the Wolfe
Then on Gods name, Lords t
All. Saint *George* for *Lancaſt*

Alarmes to the Battaile, Yorke fli-ged: Then enter the King, Cla-great ſhout, and crie; For T-the Queene is taken, the-Sum. & then ſound, e